

PRECIOUS RELICS;
OR
VORTIGERN REHEARSED.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.]

PRECIOUS REFLECTIONS



FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND

[PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD]

643.9/3.
114

PRECIOUS RELICS;

OR THE

TRAGEDY OF VORTIGERN

REHEARSED.

A DRAMATIC PIECE.

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF

THE CRITIC.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

Forre usse andde ourre tragyedye,
Heere stooppynge toe yourre clemmynce,
Wee begge your hearrynge pachyentlye.

M.S. OF HAMLET.

L O N D O N :

Printed for DEBRET, HOOKHAM, and CLARKE, Bond-street; WHITE and OWEN, Piccadilly; LEE, New-street, Covent-Garden; MURRAY, Ruffel-court, Drury-lane; CROSBY, No. 4, Stationer's-court, Ludgate-street; and SYMONDS, Paternoster-row.

1796.

PRECIOUS RELICS;

ON THE

TRAGEDY OF VORTIGERN

REHEARSED

A DRAMATIC PIECE

IN TWO ACTS

PERFORMED AT THE



THEATRE

AND PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, SWINLEY PARK.

There are and will be
these happy days for young
We begin your happy days

And on the

LONDON

Printed by J. G. & J. W. Smith, 10, St. Martin's Lane, London.

1795

CHARACTERS

WINTERBURN
DUFF
HENRY
SIR MARK LINDSAY
CAST
MR. WINTERBURN
MISS
MANAGER, PROMPT, PIANIST, GENTLEMAN, JEWELLER

IN THE PLAY

VORTICORN
VORTICORN
HENRY
HODGKINSON
TODD
SHERBURN
TODD
MANAGER
ROBERT
SIR MARK LINDSAY
JEWELLER

CHARACTERS.

WISEPATE,
DUPE,
HENRY,
SIR MARK LUDICROUS,
CRAFT,
MRS. WISEPATE,
HARRIOT,

*Manager, Prompter, Players, Gentlemen, Servants,
&c.*

IN THE PLAY:

VORTIGERN,
VORTIMER,
HENGIST,
HORSA,
FOOL,
SHEPHERD,
TWO COOKS,
MURDERER,
ROWENA,

Saxons, Britons, Guards, &c.

PRECIOUS RELICS, &c.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Parlour in Wisepate's House.

Harriot and Henry.

Harriot. **A**ND is it possible, Henry, you have undertaken so deep, so unworthy a scheme, for the purpose of deceiving my guardian?

Henry. My dear Harriot, you think too seriously of this business—consider my regard for you
—the

—the impossibility of otherwise obtaining Mr. Wisepate's consent to our—at least to my happiness.

Harriot. But, Henry, I should despise your love if it did not keep within the bounds of honor. You are in some degree indebted to Mr. Wisepate, who has promised to make you a partner in his business, which, it seems, he has now committed entirely to your care. What have you done then? While at his country seat, you have pretended to have discovered some loose manuscripts, which you have imposed on him as precious relics——

Henry. And which of course will be deemed such a treasure, as may give me some title to my Harriot's hand. Come, come, love will make allowances for all these little deceptions.

Harriot. Little do you call them? You impose on more than one—and if discovered, what will be the consequence? The Play of Vortigern, which you have led my guardian to suppose the work of our immortal bard, is now, I hear, in rehearsal at one of the theatres.

Henry. Ha! ha! ha! I did not imagine it would go so far—but no matter—the person who has assisted me is a man of genius—Mr. Craft is acquainted

acquainted with an eminent antiquarian, and has got possession of some curious examples, which enabled him to complete the imposition.

Harriot. Well—I am determined my guardian's name shall not be exposed. I have already persuaded him to conceal the discovery, and appoint some other person to undertake the management of this so highly-prized manuscript.

Henry. Why that is well thought of, Harriot, for 'tis the discovery alone which can cause suspicion; besides, Mrs. Wisepate's not so credulous as her husband, and might, peradventure, create distrust—Oh, here they are.

SCENE II.

Mr. and Mrs. Wisepate, Harriot, and Henry.

Mr. W. Poo, wife—you are always so full of your apprehensions.—Ha, Henry here—Well, my boy, are the indentures ready?—Mrs. Clark wants her lease—have you sent Mr. Gobble his brief? Damn me, have you found any more deeds of gift?

B

Henry.

Henry. No, Sir,—no more discoveries.—Indeed, Sir, I have been employing my time in finishing the leaves.

Mr. W. And during your absence I have fixed on a worthy gentleman for bringing forward our precious manuscript.

Mrs. W. Precious—Ah, husband, I'm afraid.

Mr. W. Damn your apprehensions.—Henry, guess whom I nominate, constitute, and appoint, (for my wife and Harriot will not allow me to have any credit in this business)—I have chosen a worthy—to wit—namely—that is to say, Mr. Dupe, your father, Henry.

Henry. My father, Sir!

Harriot. Good heaven! *[Aside.*

Mr. W. Yes, you dog, your father, he will conduct the cause.

Mrs. W. Indeed and Mr. Wifepate, I'm glad Mr. Dupe will have the management of it, and that you will not appear in it, it is beneath the dignity of your profession---besides, what have you to do with Shakespear?

Mr. W. Damn it, woman, I wish you would stand mute---I nothing to do with Shakespear! damn me, have not I him at my fingers end? did
not

not I play Hamlet once at a private theatre, and went on with applause, till the damn'd fellow underneath forgot to fasten the trap-door?--egad, I fell through.

Henry. 'Twas rather a sudden exit, Sir.

Mr. W. Sudden, damn me, I had near been choaked, for the door slid on my neck.---Henry---this said Shakespear was a great man, what a pity he was not bred to the law; what a nice special pleader he would have been, you dog---I dare say he would have drawn you a declaration with two dozen counts in it, aye, and defy all the heads in Westminster-Hall to demur to it.

Mrs. W. Well, I declare, Mr. Wisepate, I'm frightened out of my life, for fear there may be some mistake in this manuscript.

Mr. W. Damn it, you are always frightened out of your life--but still you live--notwithstanding--nevertheless--you live to---vex---plague---mortify--and so forth---Henry, was it in a box you found these manuscripts?

Henry. Yes, Sir, when the masons were making the alterations you desired in the cellar;---I met with---they told me---in short, Sir, this iron box which you have seen was discovered.

Mr. W. Damn the dogs, they will proclaim

it, and all the world will take cognizance of the manner of the discovery——

Henry. No--no--Sir, I took care they should not know what the box contained.

Mr. W. You did right, my boy---you did right——

Harriot. But is it not wonderful, that it was not found before?

Mr. W. Non est inventus---nothing strange,

Mrs. W. But you should recollect, Mr. Wise-pate, that our country-house was burned down about twelve years ago.

Mr. W. Eh---damn me, I forgot that---Henry, here is a demurrer.

Henry. But, Sir, you know fire has no power over iron.

Mr. W. Probatum est---damn me, that is an argument might go to a jury---besides, there are other evidences that will bear cross-examination---See here! I always carry a bit about me--paper--ink--autography--orthography--witnesses enough---now put on your spectacles, wife, and read this, 'tis a precious morsel---a love letter.

Mrs. W. (*Reading.*) "Oh, Cupid-de!"

Mr.

Mr. W. Cupiddy!--Cupiddy!--Ha! ha! he!

[*Laugh.*

Mrs. W. I can't read what follows---Oh! here, (*reading*) "I've not a-ny ho-ly to put-ty my poor-he head-de."

Mr. W. Any holy---

Henry. An hole, I believe, Mrs. Wifepate means.

Mrs. W. Poor man---not an hole to put his head in---'tis a pity he did not come to our house---where the iron box was found;---why such a number of usefess letters, are as bad as the number of usefess words in your pleadings, husband, Ah! I'm afraid---

Mr. W. Damn your fears---go get some chocolate for Henry, he must want refreshment after his ride.---I must go to Mr. Dupe, and know when the rehearfal is to be---Henry, I am to be at the rehearfal as a friend, an *amicus curiæ*, you know, that is all, a friend to your father---only as an acceffary after the fact---not a principal---But don't I hear somebody coming?---you must dispatch him quick, Henry, for I can attend to no one till this dear, dear play, has run nine nights at least.

Harriot,

Harriot. But what if it should be condemned, Sir?

Mr. W. Damn me, I'll arrest the judgment, and obtain a rule to shew cause---damn me, I'll get a mandamus from the King's Bench---Come wife, come Harriot.

Mrs. W. Harriot, my dear, you and I must sit in the upper boxes---and if there should be any hissing, I will be so alarmed---

Mr. W. You must be thrown over then--- that is all.

SCENE III.

Henry solus.

So—Craft—my friend;—what can he want? I have deceived, even the deceiver—for he has no suspicions of my true motives for this imposture;—but hang it, I did not mean that my father should be one of the deceived.—No matter, it may be the means of accelerating my hoped-for marriage.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Henry and Craft.

Craft. So, Henry,—I was anxious to see you, —our coinage has excited some curiosity during your absence;---your father is appointed to usher the illegitimate brat into the world.

Henry. So I understand.

Craft. Well, your family have all the emolument;---but how am I to be compensated for my trouble?

Henry. Nay, be assured, whatever I get, I will honorably share.

Craft. Faith, Henry, I think myself entitled to more than that for the pains I have taken.--- Please to recollect the trouble I had in gaining access to Sir Mark Ludicrous's cabinet; from whence I stole some of his most valuable articles: ---then, in imitating these curious papers, which I verily believe were forgeries too. But, above all, in writing a play---inventing so many capital scenes---in such a stile too---that, damn it--- were Shakespear's self to take a front row in the
pit,

pit, he must acknowledge that he had justice done him.

Henry. I confess, the trouble has been all your's; and that you have executed it admirably.

Craft. Yes, but you must do more, and that before the representation of the play, or I'll make it a tragedy in earnest. You must assist me in promoting a marriage, which I have had long in contemplation, with Mr. Wiseplate's ward.

Henry. How! Mr. Craft---do you think I can have any influence?---do you think it possible for me---

Craft. Sir---have not I done things deemed impossible, in order to establish your fame in this house?---I have done, Sir, what I can undo. This day I am to visit your father, and see the papers:---if you hesitate, I will point out such glaring improbabilities, as will open Mr. Dupe's eyes;---I, therefore, insist on being thus rewarded for all my trouble:---for, you must know, Henry, I have long felt a secret attachment to this lady, and am now determined to possess her.

Henry. Well---well---say no more---I'll do all in my power;---but don't be precipitate.

Craft.

Craft. You know my disposition---what I say I do;---and, by heaven, if Harriot is not mine before the representation of this expected play, I'll reveal all---you know my disposition, Henry. So now I'll go to your father, and pretend to be delighted with my own work;---on my return, I shall expect a satisfactory answer to my proposal.

Henry. What shall I do---unfortunate indeed.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.

Mr. Dupe's Closet.

Dupe and Wisepate.

Mr. W. My dear Mr. Dupe, don't make a public shew of these precious relics---you will have some of the papers torn---or perhaps stolen; and, though such a thing should be a capital offence, you could only make it private stealing.

C

Dupe.

Dupe. I must admit Sir Mark Ludicrous, when he calls---he is an antiquary of celebrity---his opinion will be of use to us.

Mr. W. Oh---admit every respectable judge; but when is the rehearsal to be?

Dupe. The prompter has sent me a note, to inform me, that the manager means to have a rehearsal after the entertainments of the evening; when the house will be illuminated---the performers dressed in character---and a few select friends admitted to the boxes---pit---and galleries.

Mr. W. Damn me--I'll be with you--I will--but mum--I'm only a friend--*amicus curiæ*--come to give my advice and assistance;--do you mind--I know nothing of the iron box.

Dupe. No, no,--you know nothing of it.

Mr. W. I'll bring my little ward, and Mrs. Wifepate;--though, I dare say she will faint---her apprehensions are always so strong.

Servant enters.

Serv. Sir Mark Ludicrous.

Dupe. Admit him.

Mr.

Mr. W. Oh--mum--I'm only a friend---I must appear to admire them--dear, precious, valuable relics, and so forth.

SCENE VI.

Sir Mark Ludicrous, Dupe, and Mr. Wisepate.

Sir M. Mr. Dupe, I understand you have in your possession a prodigy--a prodigy--pray favour me with a sight--I have come on purpose, with longing eyes, to behold these *ipse scripsits* of the immortal bard.

Dupe. Pray Sir, sit down, I shall be proud of the opinion of such a competent judge.

Sir M. Sir, you do me honour;--they were found, you say, in an iron box?

Mr. W. Yes, Sir--we--hum--Mr. Dupe found them himself.

Dupe. No---'twas my son---my son Henry found them.

Mr. W. Oh yes--Henry I mean--Mrs. Wisepate and I were in town--as soon as the news

came, we--Mr. Dupe I mean--Mr. Dupe and his son;--but he will state the case himself--I'm not at all concerned in the business;--for my wife thinks--

Dupe. Damn his wife, (*aside*)—Sir Mark, here is a copy of the play that is to be rehearsed; this, Sir, is Vortigern, as written by the great Shakespear.

Sir M. Oh, what a precious piece!--yes, indeed, it has all the appearance of originality;--the paper is evidently ancient,--why it almost crumbles--I dare say it has been lying a long time in the damp.

Mr. W. No, that can't be--there has been a fire in the adjoining cellar--

Sir M. Eh--the cellar!

Mr. W. I mean--Mr. Dupe, you can tell what I mean.

Dupe. Sir Mark--they were found in a cellar, --and that is all I am at liberty to reveal.

Sir M. I wish I knew where that cellar is, for I have a list of all the poets' descendants and their residences, and might probably illustrate the business.

Dupe.

Dupe. Nay, Sir Mark, these papers speak for themselves.

Mr. W. Aye, no matter where you lay the venue of the residence of any of his descendants; I warrant, the least bit of these manuscripts will be sufficient to prove an alibi in any court of justice.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Craft, Sir--

Dupe. Oh, I have promised Mr. Craft a view of these precious relics.

Sir M. Mr. who? Craft did you say? stay-- a word in your ear--don't admit him yet.

Dupe. Wait below. *(To the servant.)*

Sir M. If you have any regard for your papers, don't let Mr. Craft see them;--he was once admitted into my closet--and I don't know how it was--but I missed a duke's seal, and a queen's signature.

Mr. W. Damn me, I would have had him indicted at the Old Bailey;--don't admit him Mr. Dupe.

Dupe.

Dupe. Gad, that is unfortunate--I promised to give him a view; but I'll lay it on my son. Here Tom (*servant enters*) say to Mr. Craft, I'm extremely sorry I cannot see him to-day; but my son Henry, tell him, to whom the papers belong, has particularly desired that no one be admitted without a card from him. (*Servant exit.*) And now, Sir Mark, I will shew you a curiosity, --look at my little finger---

Sir M. Your little finger, my dear Mr. Dupe?

Dupe. In that ring is a lock of Shakespear's hair.

Sir M. Good heaven!---What will you take for it, Mr. Dupe?

Dupe. No money whatever.

Sir M. But, perhaps, something in lieu of money. I can give you half the body of a fly, that was stript of it's wings and feet by Domitian, the fly-hunter.

Mr. W. Sir--I have charged Mr. Dupe---I mean Mr. Dupe has assured me that he will not part with it on any terms.

Sir M. Oh, very well--very well---any thing more?

Dupe.

Dupe. Here, Sir, is Hamlet's famous soliloquy, as 'twas first of all written by the author.

Sir M. Well, that is very strange, for I had the first copy of it too, but lost it when Mr. Craft visited me--"To be, or not to be—" [*Reading.*

Dupe. Pray, Sir, don't you think this an original copy?

Sir M. (*Reading*) "That is the question."

Dupe. Here, Sir, are other manuscripts.

Sir M. (*Reading*) "Which we know not of."

Dupe. Though these prove the authenticity of the play in question, yet we are not without apprehensions for it's success on representation.

Sir M. (*Reading*) "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."---Eh, other manuscripts, let me see them---

Dupe. Some parts of Lear.

Sir M. I had some too, but they were stolen ---Aye, this is the very writing. (*Reading.*) "Does any know me here?"---"This is not Lear."

Mr. W. What! not a true copy?

Dupe. Sir Mark is reading--pray look at another passage---there, Sir, is the same between Cordelia and Lear.

Sir

Sir M. (Reading.)

" Pray do not mock me,

" I am a very foolish fond old man,

" Fourscore and upward; and to deal plainly,

" I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Mr. W. Is not that a true copy ?

Sir M. (Reading.)

" I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant."

Dupe. The majority of visitors have thought them genuine.

Sir M. (Reading.)

" Report is changeable--'tis time to look about."

Really, Mr. Dupe, they are valuable relics--I wish I could make an exchange.

Mr. W. No, Sir, we are determined;--Mr. Dupe, I mean, is particularly engaged in this business.

Servant enters.

Serv. A message, Sir, from the theatre, requesting you and your friends will come to rehearsal as soon as possible.

Mr.

Mr. W. Gad-so, I must run for my wife and ward.

Dupe. Sir Mark, you will honor us, I hope, with your company ; but you must not expect to see a perfect rehearsal. The performers, I fear, have not entered into the spirit of the play yet ; we must instruct them ; the characters are admirably *drawn*, but the players are for having them *quartered*.---This way, Sir Mark,--*Mr. W.* you will conduct the ladies.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

D

Mr. W. Child, I must say for my own
word.
I hope Mr. Child will honor and I hope
with your company, but you must not expect to
see a perfect result. The business of the
have not entered into the spirit of the play yet.
we must instruct them: the characters are ad-
mirably strong and the players are for having
them. This way, Mr. W. Child, Mr. W.
you will conduct the ladies.

END OF THE FIRST ACT

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Stage.

Prompter and Craft.

Prompt. **S**IR, it is the manager's particular request, that no person who is not concerned in the play, should stand behind the scenes.

Craft. Indeed——He little thinks that I am concerned. [Aside:

Prompt. Sir, as you say that you are a friend to young Mr. Dupe, you shall have a seat in the pit by all means---you find there are some company already to see the rehearsal, but it would be

D 3

impos-

impossible to admit strangers behind the scenes. You cannot conceive all the plot and business there is in this play.

Craft. Yes, I am told the plot is very great.—Will you favor me, Sir, with a pen and ink; I shall trouble you to give a note to Henry when opportunity offers.

Prompt. By all means, Sir.—Confound the property boy, he has forgot to leave the ink on the table—but I'll run and get it.

SCENE II.

Craft salus.

Yes---I'll vex Henry for all his cunning---
I am sure it was owing to some manoeuvre of his that Mr. Dupe, notwithstanding his promise, refused to see me to-day---A pretty thing indeed, that I must have a card from Mr. Henry, to entitle me to a view of my own papers---but I'll vex him for it: he means unfair play, I see, but I'll not submit to it---however, I'll stay a calm
spectator

spectator in the pit, till I receive an answer to my note.

SCENE III.

Craft and Prompter.

Prompt. Sir, here is the pen and ink, pray make haste Sir, for we shall soon begin.

Craft. Nay, I shan't be five minutes.

SCENE IV.

Craft, (writing) Prompter and Players.

Prompt. Gentlemen and ladies, I am glad to see you—you are come in time.—I must forfeit every one that exceeds the hour; where's Jack Bannister?

1st Player. Oh, Bannister is on the stairs, supporting Mrs. Siddons. There is a mistake in my part—where is the pen?—I must alter it.

Craft.

Craft. Here, Sir.--Mr. Powel, there's the note ; I forgot to direct it, but no matter.

Prompt. No, no ; I'll give it, by and by, to Mr. Henry.—Oh, here's Mr. Kemble, and the rest of the company.

Craft. Then I'll go to the pit.

SCENE V.

The Manager, Dupe, Sir Mark Ludicrous, Prompter, Players, &c.

Manager. Come, gentlemen and ladies, pray prepare.—And so, Mr. Dupe, you don't like the poet laureat's prologue.

Dupe. No, no ; it's not to the purpose. My friend, Sir Mark, who is a judge of these things, agrees with me—it is not strong enough. We must assure the audience that this play is, *bonâ fide*, Will Shakespear's ;—that's the use of the prologue now. But the author of this, instead of positively vouching for the authenticity of the papers,

papers, leaves the critics to judge for themselves.

Manager. And, most undoubtedly, they will,

Dupe. Nay, but Mr. ——— the prologue admits of too many doubts;—Sir Mark is of my opinion.—Let me see---it begins very well---
(*reading.*)

“The cause with learned litigation fraught---”

Learned! no--damn it--I don't like that--there is not a grain of sense among all those who have opposed the papers. (*Reading.*)

“Behold, at length, to this tribunal brought.

“No fraud your penetrating eyes can cheat,

“None here can Shakespear's writing counterfeit.---

“As well the taper's base unlustrous ray

“Might try to emulate the orb of day,

“As modern bards, whom venal hopes inspire,

“Can catch the blaze of his celestial fire.”

Well, all that's very well. (*Reading.*)

“If, in our scenes, your eyes delighted find---”

Damn

Damn that *if*---I don't like that;---their eyes
must be delighted, and they *must* find---

"Marks that denote the mighty master's
mind---"

"If-----"

There again!---Damn it--*if* there were no
children, there would be no *pies*.

"If, at his words, the tears of pity flow---"

They *must* flow.--

"Your breasts with horror thrill--with rap-
ture glow,"

They *must* thrill and glow.--

"Demand no other proof."

I'll give no other proof.--

"----- Your souls will feel"

"The stamp of nature's uncontested seal;

"But if-----"

There again.--

"These proofs should fail---if---

Damnation seize his *ifs*!---If ever I ask him to
write another prologue, may I be ----- no---
may the play be damned---that's all.

Mana-

Manager. Nay, my dear Mr. Dupe, don't be so angry,---consider the poet laureat's modesty.

Dupe. Modesty! I think he has a great deal of assurance, to intimate a doubt of the authenticity of the papers.---Listen, Sir Mark,---is not this sufficient to raise suspicion?

“_____ If, in the strain,
 “Ye seek the drama's awful fire in vain;
 “Should critics, heralds, antiquaries join
 “To give their *fiat* to each doubtful line;
 “Believe them not.---”

Sir M. It's very impudent, indeed:--if antiquaries are not to be believed--who are?

Dupe. My dear Sir Mark--that one *if* of your's contains more sound argument than all the *ifs* which our poet has produced---This prologue won't do--it's rhyme without reason. I'll apply to a gentleman of my acquaintance to write a good prologue;--he'll be *merry*, I warrant, on the occasion. Sir, I must request, that my friend, here, Sir Mark Ludicrous, and the company with my son, may remain on the stage during the rehearsal; for I hope to benefit by their remarks.



Mana-

Manager. By all means, Sir. Here, boys, leave some chairs near the stage boxes, for Mr. Dupe and his friends.

SCENE VII.

Wifepate, Mrs. Wifepate, Henry, Harriot, Dupe, Sir Mark, Manager, Prompter, Players, &c.

Mrs. W. Harriot, my dear, have you a smelling-bottle?—I'm afraid I shall faint——

Mr. W. A plague on her apprehensions--- I wish I had left her behind.—Oh, Mr. Dupe, a word in your ear---some wicked scribbler has published a pamphlet against us---my wife was in fits.

Dupe. Eh, a pamphlet, whose is it?

Mr. W. ORACLE *versus* DUPE---my name's concealed---damn'd lucky---so you are the sole defendant.---Oh, never mind, we'll answer it.

Dupe. Aye, Sir Mark shall answer it---the poor authors are afraid that the sun which shone
in

in Queen Bess's time, may now diffuse new rays, and totally eclipse their moon-light stuff.

Sir M. Eh, that's very well said---but, Mr. Dupe, drop these heroics, or they'll swear you are the author of the play.

Prompt. Now ladies and gentlemen---Act the first---enter O. P.

Dupe. Mr. Bannister, pray take pains, a great deal depends upon you---I hope you'll play the fool well.

Fool. Egad, Sir, from what I know of my part, I'm sure I shall.

Henry. My dear Harriot---why so grave?

[*Apart.*

Harriot. This business gives me great uneasiness---especially as you apprehend an attack from one of the expositors of Shakespear.

Henry. Fear not---I have an answer ready for him---It shall be said that my father intends to publish a new edition of Shakespear, and that he is consequently alarmed for his old one---nay, my dear Harriot---damnation! there's Craft in the pit watching one.

[*Aside,*

Dupe. Now, Sir Mark, you shall see a real entertainment---so---they are ready---here come Vortimer, the son of Vortigern, and the fool.

Mrs. W. Oh, I wish it was over.---

Mr. W. What, before it was begun--plague on her fears--I wish she was under---the ground.

[*Aside.*

Prompt. O. P.---gentlemen---now---make a shout behind the scenes. [A great noise;

Mrs. W. Oh, what's the matter---where is the smelling bottle?

VORTIMER.

*Why this loud clamour? Are the people mad?
That thus, men, women, children,--all together,
As if ten thousand devils were within them,
Make such a hideous cry?--Go, stop their voices.*

Mrs. W. Oh, do--for heaven's sake.

Mr. W. Damn it--hold your tongue---must not they make a noise if Shakespear bid them? Go on, gentlemen--don't mind my wife--she's a damn'd fool.

Prompt.

Prompt. Stop their voices--that's your cue, Mr. Bannister,--pray mind your cue.

Fool. Poo, Mr. Powel, you are mad,--fools have no cues; they are all crops!

Gentleman in the pit. Very well said, Jack,--ha, ha, he! You are a chip of the old block.

Dupe. Oh, pray go on.

VORTIMER.

Go, stop their voices!

FOOL.

Nay, Prince, though your father's fool, I go on no fool's errands.--Stop their voices, quoth you; why, there's a better specific at hand.

VORTIMER.

Out with it then.

FOOL.

Marry, with our hands to stop our ears.--Oh, I see the cause of what we hear--more Saxons are arrived.

VOR-

VORTIMER.

*More Saxons! Has my father then invited
Another, and another, and another,
To make us a new race?—Ob, shame upon him.*

Dupe. Now, Sir Mark, you'll hear an admirable speech. My dear Mr. Bannister, while Vortimer is praying to Jupiter, be sure to pay him great attention --- be gaping, with your mouth open.

Fool. Faith, Sir, that must depend upon circumstances: if the critics be inclined to throw any thing at us, I should be very unwilling to devour their favors.

VORTIMER.

*Almighty Jove, if either ear be not
Employ'd, in auditing another's prayers;
If now at leisure, in your elbow-chair
You sit in state, to hear our supplications,
Hear Vortimer, who claims three-fold attention.*

Dupe. There, kneel down, and stare the upper gallery in the face.

VOR~

VORTIMER.

*Oh, hear, great Jove. — Now, of your winged
lightning*

*An humble handful lend, to blast the eyes
Of all those comers-in and livers-on---
Now to destroy these toad-eaters so vile,
And punish well their Eve-like curiosity.*

Mrs. W. Oh, that's a wicked speech.

Mr. W. Can any thing be wicked that
Shakespear wrote? You indict him wrong-
fully.

FOOL.

*Your prayer halts. — You should have petitioned
for a thunderbolt for the other hand, to have sunk
their vessels. Oh, they have brought a fine set of
women with them, and our gentlemen are inclined to
love ;--'tis the disease of the times,--and heigh-bo--
I am very ill !*

VORTIMER.

Out--out--vain folly !

Love is an idle fancy--a mere toy,

To win and please an hour before the marriage,

And

*And then to charm no more ! A theme fit for a
novel,*

Full of darts and Cupids, swelling out the volume !

Sir Mark. Egad, that is Shakespear's style.

Dupe. No one can doubt it.

FOOL.

Marry, then love is not worth a farthing.

Sir Mark. A farthing--Is it possible they had farthings in those days ?--Oh, I wish I had one. I'd give half my estate for a farthing !

Dupe. Hush--now the king comes.

Prompt. Sound the trumpets.

A procession.

Dupe. There, Sir, is Vortigern and Horfa, with Saxons, men, women, and children. Now listen to the king.

VORTIGERN.

*We give you welcome to our British shore ;
And would enlarge the gift, but have no more.--
Then, Saxons, take our welcome.*

MOB.

MOB.

We do--we do.

HORSA.

*Thus strengthen'd, king, no pow'r can surely weaken.
While sturdy rogues like these have hands to
fight,
What Pi&t or Scot will shew his nose among us?*

VORTIGERN.

*Ob, Horfa, like thy brother, brave in battle;
We owe thee much for thy atchievements here.
Thou hast been foremost in the field to-day.---*

HORSA.

*And will to-morrow:--I'm war's messenger;
For I am great in Mars's almanack.*

*Sir M. 'Gad, that's very like something I
heard at the little theatre.*

*Dupe. Attend Sir Mark,--here come Rowena
and her father Hengist. Now, my dear Mr.
Kemble, make a great start when you see the
lady.*

F

VOR-

VORTIGERN, *startling.*

*Is that an angel which I see before me,
So like the Cyprian queen? Come, let me fold thee.--
She turns away, and yet I'm longing still!
Art thou not lovely Venus, capable
Of loving as to be lov'd? Or, art thou but
The handy work of art--a waxen image,
Proceeding from some fam'd mechanic's shop?
I'm longing still--for, on that charming face
Are dimpled smiles, which were not so before!*

HENGIST.

*'Tis as I wish. [Aside.
Great Sire! this is my daughter, my Rowena.*

VORTIGERN.

Is she your daughter?--then I am your son.

HENGIST.

*Nay, nay, forbear; to honor such as this
Hengist must not aspire,--love is a gew-gaw:
A prince and soldier must have other play-things.
Go, my Rowena,--tell the king all this;
He will excuse your virgin modesty.*

ROWENA.

ROWENA.

*Great Sir! my father wills, that you should look
on me,
Not as a wife, but as an humble subject.*

VORTIGERN.

*She speaks--Ob Gods! there's music in her voice;
And her guittar she carries on her tongue.
She must be mine,--Hengist, I say--she must--
By Jupiter she must.-----My friend, Sir, mark---*

Sir Mark. Eh, Mr. Kemble, what is it?

Vortigern. Nothing, Sir,--ha, ha, ha,--I am only bidding my friend, Hengist here, observe.--
Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Mark. Oh, I beg pardon, I thought you were calling me.

Dupe. Go on, go on.

Vortigern. Ha! ha! he! the baronet has so diverted me, that--ha! ha! he! I can't for my life proceed yet, ha! ha! he! excuse me, Sir, but the least thing in the world makes me laugh.

Harriot. Well, I am surprized this gentleman, as he is so risible, is not a better comedian.

Henry. Nay, my dear, it is not every one that laughs himself, can make others smile.—Plague on that Craft, how he is watching me. [*Aside.*

Vortigern. Ha! ha! ha! 'pon my soul, Prompter, you must pass me over—finish the scene Bensley with the speech to yourself, after I have prevailed upon you to give me your daughter, and accept the county of Kent for a reward.
---Ha! ha! he! [*Laughs aside.*

HENGIST.

*So Vortigern, the governor of Britain,
To whom such numbers bowed, now bows to beauty;
He is subdued by a lady's smile---
'Tis as I wish---Oh, Cupid, how I honor thee!*

Prompt. Exit P. S. Mr. Bensley.

Dupe. Now, Sir Mark, in the next scene, the Britons, after the marriage of Vortigern, begin to murmur against the company of the Saxons, whom they wish to rout. The scene opens with a mob—Mr. Prompter, where are the mob?

Prompt. Sir, Mr. Maddocks is ill. Mr. Benson is out of town---but here is Mr. Usher, who will do for the Briton that answers Vortimer

--we

---we must pass over the people's murmurings--
so make haste.---Enter Vortimer.

VORTIMER.

How now--where so fast?

BRITON.

*We won't bear Vortigern---we'll to the governor
and demand another.*

VORTIMER.

*Fools as you are, you know not what you want ;
Is there a grain of sense in your thick pates,
To hold a converse with a governor?
And yet you'll go forsooth to ask another !
And what would you wise worships with him pray,
Scratch him mayhap, for you have eagles talons.*

*Sir M. L. Gadso--that speech reminds me of
something very similar that's said by the four-
sweet fellow in the Surrender of Calais.*

*Dupe. Very likely---that author, you know,
imitates Shakespear---Well, gentlemen, here are
terrible omissions.*

Prompt.

Prompt. Sir, we hope to be more regular to-morrow---Come, we must pass over to the scene of the shepherd and fool.

Dupe. Oh, dear! oh, dear! then we have lost the scene where Vortigern is deposed, and Vortimer, his son, elected in his stead.---Well, well, go on---the shepherd and fool.

SHEPHERD.

And how do you like our Saxon company?

FOOL.

Why, as they are brave looking men, I like them well enough; but as they come without my invitation, they are troublesome---as there are women with them, they suit my humour well---but as they have brought no provision, their presence goes greatly against my stomach---Pray shepherd wast ever a favorite?

SHEPHERD.

A favorite! lack-a-day! who'd favor a poor shepherd?

FOOL.

FOOL.

Then thou art blest!

SHEPHERD.

Blest!---would I were!

FOOL.

Why, if thou art no favorite, thou hast no enemies; if thou hast no enemies, thou hast no curses--- ergo, thou must be blest.

Wise-pate. That would be damn'd bad argument in a court of equity.

SHEPHERD.

But why did Vortigern invite all this company?

FOOL.

Dost know why his left eye is stronger than it's neighbour?

SHEPHERD.

Because the other was hurt in war.

FOOL.

FOOL.

That's the rumour of war---now I'll give you the reason---it was to overlook the right; and these guests you find always keep the blind side of him.

SONG BY THE FOOL.

Our best philosophers agree
Not one in twenty now can see,
Not one—Heigh-ho!
For go to court, and there you'll find
A thousand—nay ten thousand blind,
Great men are so!

In war we see not when to stop,
And therefore 'tis such numbers drop,
They drop—Heigh-ho!
Or if they chance to stir a peg,
Why they are shorten'd by the leg—
I'd rather grow!

Gentleman in the pit. Encore! encore! encore!

Fool. Heigh-ho!

Gentleman. Encore! come Jack, don't be disobliging.

Fool.

Fool. Great men are so ! (*singing.*)

Gentleman. Oh,--come back--come back.

Fool. I'd rather go ! (*singing.*)

Wifepate. Oh, let the rehearsal go on--this is no time to encore.—I wish every thing to be regular, for my friend's sake ; for I have nothing to say in the business. My wife knows---

Mrs. W. Nothing—I know nothing,--so don't bring my name in question.

Prompt. Oh dear -- Oh dear -- we shan't get through this business all night. Come --- the fighting scene, between Vortimer and Horfa,--- now---

HORSA.

*Now, Vortimer, though oft thou hast presumed
Thou art invincible, thy name shall be,
This hour, in Lethe's muddy pool, oblivion'd.*

VORTIMER.

*To Horfa, that conceited vain intruder---
That fugitive---that vagabond from home---
Th' invincible decrees immediate death.*

G

HORSA.

HORSA.

Ha! dost thou mock, with menaces, thy master?

VORTIMER.

Don't thou, with menaces, deride thy master.

HORSA.

*Now, by the Gods, I'll master thee for that—
Yield, thou rude man.*

VORTIMER.

No.——

HORSA.

Dost thou say No?

VORTIMER.

Yes!

HORSA.

*Keep in thy puny monosyllable,
Or I will choak thee with thy negative.*

VORTI-

VORTIMER.

*Infamous rebel—to thy heart ; and learn
Our NO's a VETO, and our AYE's a FIAT !*

[They fight.]

Mrs. W. Take care, dear gentlemen—Oh, they'll hurt themselves—stop them, husband,—pray stop them.

Mr. W. Damn it ! must they not finish the play ?

[Vortimer falls.]

VORTIMER.

I'm dead.—Ob ! Ob ! Ob !

Dupe. Very well, indeed—very well ;—no actor living could have died better. Now, Sir Mark, here succeeds a most admirable soliloquy, by Hengist ; who is represented in a dreary wood, by moon-light.

Prompt. Come now, Hengist *solus*, O. P.

HENGIST.

*Vortimer dead!—Then Vortigern, his father,
Shall keep him company—it must be so ;*

G 2

I will

*I will have more than Kent---for I will have
All England for my trouble---Let me think---
The how---the when---the where---I have it here---*

Dupe. Oh, my dear Sir! put your finger to your forehead, and not your hand to your heart---there-----

HENGIST.

*I'll ask him to a feast, a dinner, at Stonehenge,
And he shall dine---but worms shall dine on him:
When at the table he and his are seated,
Then shall the torrent sweep them from their chairs.*

Dupe. There, how do you like that, Sir Mark?

Sir Mark. Hem! I don't much approve of the idea of converting a *torrent* into a *sweeping-brush*.

Dupe. Oh, Sir! it's poetical---consider the inventive genius of our bard---But now the murderer enters to receive his instructions from Hengist---I hope Mr. Caulfield is here. Now, my dear Mr. C. put on one of your wicked looks.

HENGIST.

HENGIST,

*Here comes my man—he speaks his purpose well ;
His face is a true index to his mind.
Canst thou cut a throat ?—*

MURDERER.

Aye, windpipe and all.

HENGIST,

Thou hast no scruples ?

MURDERER,

Link not fear with murder !

Mrs. W. Heavens ! that fellow makes my
blood run cold——

Mr. W. Poo—in all probability he'll turn
king's evidence.

HENGIST,

*To-day—when seated at the feast—be sure
Dispatch the guests——*

MUR-

MURDERER.

*First, let them eat their fill—
They'll be less able then to run away.*

HENGIST.

*Well thought on—thou shalt be my counsellor—
And I'll reward thee for this cutting off!*

Mr. W. Aye—egad, counsellors must be feed, or they'll do nothing.

Dupe. Now for the grand scene, the feast—it begins with two cooks—How like Shakespear that—it reminds me of the grave-diggers—For heaven's sake, *Mr. Kemble*, don't put *Mr. Cooke* in one of the cooks—Where's *Mr. Dignum*, he'd look the character very well.

Prompt. We have not chairs enough for the guests.

Sir Mark. Here, take mine, I'll walk about a little.

Prompt. Now—Enter two cooks—One must have a carving knife, and the other the table-cloth, in his hand.—Begin gentlemen cooks,

FIRST

FIRST COOK.

There, there's an entertainment fit for a governor—if Hengist don't make Vortigern eat till he burst, they won't do honor to my dinner—they must eat hearty, or they'll have no taste——Can you tell, brother, why a cook is the most blessed of all professions?

SECOND COOK.

No, marry, not I——

FIRST COOK.

Because he feeds the hungry—My parents, fearing I might starve, bred me a cook, to grow fat by sympathy---I remember though, I made a trifling mistake in the first lamb that I roasted.

SECOND COOK.

What was it? Eh——

FIRST COOK.

*The jack, you must know, was of my own invention—and I was too intent upon it ;—so while scul-
lion*

lion was fixing the rope round the lamb's head, egad, somehow or other, it twisted round his own; and I wound him up:—yes, faith—I wound him up, and left the poor boy roasting; while the lamb, which he dropped in his heat, was half devoured by a dog that was standing by, enjoying the fun.——Oh—here are the company—stand aside.

Prompt. Now enter gentlemen and ladies, and sit down to the table.

HENGIST.

*Friends, take your chairs—for—All the world's a table,
And all the males and females merely guests:—
They have their dainties and their allowances;
And one man in his time eats many meals:
His feasts being seven courses.*

VORTIGERN.

*Yet will there be a fatal end of all
The roasted oxen—smoking partridges—
The sav'ry venison—the delicious pudding—
The luscious fruit—the damask cloth itself—
Yea—all that it contains, shall time devour!*

And

*And, like an alderman for ever greedy,
Leave not a bit behind !*

ROWENA:

Be seated, noble Vortigern:

VORTIGERN:

Brave wench--I will.

Prompt. Now tell them below stairs to send up the ghost of Vortimer ; and, when I ring the bell, to open the trap door for his descent.

Dupe. And, Mr. Kemble, when you see your son's ghost, overset the table--it will be an excellent stage trick, and will have good effect.——
Look, Sir Mark, the ghost enters.

VORTIGERN.

*Ha---my son!--bloodless and fleshless :--look, there--
He points at Horfa——*

Prompt. Now ring the bell, for the trap-door to open.

[Sir Mark falls through the trap.

H

Mrs.

Mrs. W. Oh Lord! I knew some accident would happen.

Mr. W. Oddsheart---they have buried the living instead of the dead.

Dupe. Sir Mark--where's my friend--hullo--Sir Mark!

[*Sir Mark Ludicrous appears in the orchestra.*]

Sir Mark. Here--here--Mr. Dupe.

Dupe. My dear Sir Mark--are you hurt?

Sir Mark. No, not much, but I am frighten'd; I was never in such a damn'd, dark, damp dungeon in all my life.--I wonder how the poor ghosts can live there.

Dupe. Dear me--this accident has spoiled the feast. Where's Mr. Kemble?

Prompt. Sir, he ran into the green room to laugh.--Oh, here he is.

Dupe. Come, Mr. Kemble,--let us have the discovery.-----Now, Sir Mark,--a letter is brought in to Vortigern, in which the whole matter is explained.

Prompt.

Prompt. Here, Mr.—— you must walk in P. S. very respectfully--fall on your right knee, and deliver this letter to Vortigern.

[Gives him a letter, which is given as directed to Vortigern.]

Sir Mark. Why, did they write letters in those days? Well, among all my papers, I have not one so old.

VORTIGERN.

What says the paper?

[Reading.]

“ You have behaved very ill: I know it was by your command that I was not admitted to your father to-day--”

Dupe. Eh!--what is this?--

Sir Mark. Don't you say it's the discovery?

Vortigern. *(Reading.)*

“ Now, if you don't insure me either the sum of ten thousand pounds, or Mr. Wise-pate's ward in marriage--”

Harriot. Good heaven!

Mrs. W. Oh ! I shall faint.--

Vortigern. (*Reading.*)

"Depend upon it I will discover the whole imposture.—I shall wait for your answer in the pit.

WILLIAM CRAFT."

Henry. Damnation !

Prompt. Why, that's the letter I was to have delivered to Mr. Henry :--here's a mistake.

Mr. W. But why was my name mentioned ? I have nothing at all to say in the business.--- Come away, wife---damn it, she has fainted--- carry her to her coach.--Come, Harriot,---I'll bring an action of damages against Mr. Craft.--- Speak to him, Henry.

Henry. I will, Sir.---Here he is.

[*Enter Craft on the stage.*

Bring me off, and make your own conditions.

[*Apart, to Craft.*

Craft. I will.---Ha, ha, ha!--I knew I'd surprise you.---I was determined to vex Mr. Dupe, for not letting me see the papers to-day--
and

and so--ha, ha, ha,---I contrived this letter.---
Ha, ha, ha!

Dupe. It is a very infamous joke--it will raise suspicion.

Mr. W. Damn it, Sir, Mr. Dupe has a very good action against you---and I have a very great mind ----- but I'm not concerned at all in the business.

Sir Mark. Why, this was a strange discovery.

Dupe. Oh, you see how it is.

Prompt. Well, ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow we must have a regular rehearsal; and, for the future, no strangers shall be admitted.

Sir Mark. Where is my coach?---That letter was a curiosity.

Mr. W. Is Mrs. Wifepate recovered yet?

Harriot. Yes, Sir,--she is better.

Mr. W. Let us be gone.--I have a great mind to prosecute Mr. Craft.---Come---

SCENE

SCENE THE LAST.

Henry and Craft.

Henry. There, Mr. Craft, there is a conditional promissory note for your demand---as to Harriot.——

Craft. You need not mention her.---While in the pit, I saw tender scene, in dumb shew, between you;--I therefore resign her. But had you not made this compensation, I should not only have proved the forgery, but represented the play so immoral, indecent, and jacobinical, as, no doubt, to have prevented it's having a licence. However, I shall now act the friendly part; I will support the play when performed, make credulity, while staring with open mouth, swallow our---*Precious Relics*——

“ And this DECEIT shall lose the name of CRAFT!”



F I N I S.

